

WILL GERMANY'S 50 WARSHIPS SHOW FIGHT?

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE BALFOUR-CHURCHILE DUEL IN THE HOUSE: THE FOUR MEN
WHOSE NAMES ARE ON EVERYONE'S LIPS TO-DAY.

P4526

P40

P1659



Lord Fisher, who left the House when his name was mentioned.

Fresh from the trenches, Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill sprang a surprise on the House during the debate on the Navy Estimates by demanding the recall as First Sea Lord of Lord Fisher, whom he had attacked in his last speech in the Commons. Admiral Sir



Mr. Balfour and Colonel (then Mr.) Churchill "snapped" outside the Admiralty.

Admiral Meux, who disagreed with Colonel Churchill.—(Swaine.)

Hedworth Meux, in a maiden speech, opposed Colonel Churchill's suggestion. Mr. Balfour replied yesterday. If he had been Lord Fisher he should have regarded Mr. Churchill's apology as the deepest insult that could be offered, he said.

THE GERMANS GETTING SHORT OF HOSPITALS.



There are so many German wounded that the authorities find it difficult to provide accommodation for them, and in this case a factory on the western front has been converted into a hospital. Pulley wheels and belts can be seen.

YOUTHFUL NAVAL HERO DECORATED.



Midshipman Woolley, who was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross by the King yesterday, arriving at Buckingham Palace. About forty naval and military officers and several nurses were also received by his Majesty.

MR. BALFOUR ACCUSES COLONEL CHURCHILL OF WEAKENING FLEET

TERRIBLE TALE OF A BLACK EYE!

Kaiser's Government on German Boy's School Adventure.

PHANTOM MURDER.

The very dreadful case of a German boy whose eye was blackened by another child at school is included in a communication received by the British Government from the German Government covering twenty-six affidavits relating to the treatment of German women and children in England since the outbreak of war.

These affidavits, says a Foreign Office statement issued last night, are by German subjects who have returned from England to Germany, and whose evidence has been collected by the German authorities.

"The twenty-six cases produced by the German Government," says the statement, "turn upon investigation to afford no basis for the wholesale fabrications which have been founded upon them."

DIDN'T WANT TO GO HOME.

More convincing, says the Foreign Office, than any detailed examination of the particular instances brought forward by the German Government are the broad facts: first, that although some 7,000 men, women and children have returned to Germany and Austria, the actual cases of alleged ill-treatment deposited to are no more than twenty-six in number; and, secondly, that over 13,400 Germans and Austrians, men over military age, and women, applied to the Home Secretary in May, June and July, 1915, to be allowed to remain in the United Kingdom.

In over 15,200 cases these requests, after careful examination of the circumstances, were granted, and those whose requests were refused departed in many instances only with the greatest reluctance and after repeated entreaties to the British authorities not to be obliged to return from British to German surroundings.

LUSITANIA DAYS.

After the sinking of the Lusitania, says the statement, there was (and the British Government has never sought to deny it) a spontaneous outbreak of popular feeling which, especially in the working-class quarters of London and Liverpool, led to regrettable manifestations.

No German man, woman or child was seriously injured.

Among the "cases" prior to the sinking of the Lusitania about which the Germans complained was that of a German boy at school who was once hit by one of the other children and came home with a black eye.

An event of this kind—one which occurs at every school in times of peace—is too trivial for serious answer.

A case, specially insisted upon by the German Government, is one where a woman named Anna Mücke has made an affidavit complaining that she and her husband were detained in prison for three months and treated like criminals.

The facts are that this woman and her husband were criminals, who were sentenced at Lambeth Police Court on October 24, 1914, to three months' hard labour for keeping a disorderly house and were expelled from the country at the end of their sentence as undesirable aliens.

The third case is that of a well-dressed German man, aged between twenty-five and thirty, who is said to have been trampled to death in Piccadilly by a crowd.

The woman who invented this imaginary incident has been identified as a disordered woman and author of questionable literature, who left her books without paying her rent before the outbreak of war.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Land Is in Great Need of Her "Brain and Her Insight."

"The land wanted woman's brain and woman's insight," said Miss M. A. Broadhurst, M.A., in her address yesterday to a largely attended meeting held under the auspices of the National Land Council at Kensington Town Hall, over which the Mayor of Kensington presided.

"If England did not develop agriculture," she added, "its industries, which were its fundamental basis, would suffer."

"The council had trained a large number of women to do efficient work on the land, and these were training others."

"These workers were contributing war service in the best sense."

The Mayor of Kensington said that when he was in France he was struck by the splendid work the women were doing right up to the firing line.

It was a wonderful object lesson which taught us that we should get our fields filled with women to take the place of those men who had gone to the firing line.

The Hon. Lady Parsons said the time was coming when women would be occupying the driving seat of agricultural implements, guiding the horses and managing the levers with skill and intelligence.

"Delay in Completion of Capital Ships Caused by Use of Guns and Mountings for Monitors."

LORD FISHER NOT TO BE RECALLED.

Colonel Winston Churchill was last night subjected to the most withering criticism of his parliamentary career.

It came from Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who denounced in scathing terms his predecessor's speech, urging the recall of Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord.

Colonel Churchill and his Board, said Mr. Balfour, in building monitors, had used guns and mountings for them which had been designed for capital ships.

The taking of these, he said, might have been right or it might have been wrong, but it deliberately prevented the strengthening of the Grand Fleet.

MR. BALFOUR'S THRUSTS.

The chief points of Mr. Balfour's speech were:

Mr. Churchill's speech is unfortunate in form and substance.

The Grand Fleet is more powerful than when Mr. Churchill left office, and as much go on it will be more powerful still.

The deliberate desire to suggest doubts, feelings of suspicion in the public, which could not intimately know the facts, is acting contrary to the public interest.

The cause of delay in completing Dreadnoughts is due to the construction of monitors and the fact that the guns and gun-mountings designed for capital ships were used for them.

It does not, therefore, lie in the mouth of those who have weakened the Grand Fleet by causing these monitors to say to their successors: "You have delayed the building of capital ships."

The six months to which Colonel Churchill had referred had indicated that bustle, hurry and push, and all the great qualities which the late Board arrogated to itself, might sometimes be pushed to an undue extreme.

Certain ships, built in a hurry, have proved faulty in design and had had to be re-modelled.

The House listened to Colonel Churchill's suggestion for the recall of Lord Fisher with profound stupefaction.

There has been no slackness in pressing on with the construction of ships for naval purposes.

"I should regard myself as contemptible beyond the power of expression," declared Mr. Balfour, "if I yielded to the demand made in such a way as that made by Colonel Churchill (the demand for Lord Fisher's return)."

"TREASON IF TRUE."

The finest part of Mr. Balfour's invective came at the close. This was on the subject of Lord Fisher's suggested return to the Admiralty.

"My hon. friend has often astonished the House, but I do not think he ever astonished so much as when he came down and explained that the remedy for all our ills so far as the Navy is concerned is to get rid of Sir Henry Jackson and put Lord Fisher in his place."

"My right hon. friend has never made the smallest concealment, either in public or in private, of what he thought of Lord Fisher."

Certainly the impression we all had of what thought of Lord Fisher was singularly unlike the picture that we should have drawn ourselves, unaided as we are to the character of a son of his country."

"He told us that Lord Fisher did not give him, when he was serving at the Admiralty with him, either clear guidance before the event or firm support after it which he was entitled to expect."

"My right hon. friend, with the memory of that speed in his mind, had naturally to find some explanation of the advice which suggested that Sir Henry Jackson should be relieved of his office in order to put in his place a most brilliant and distinguished sailor, who had the desire of not giving his chief either clear guidance or firm support."

"THE DEEPEST INSULT."

"All he said was that since he had gone to the front and that in the opportunity for calm meditation which apparently the front presents—(roars of laughter)—had altered his view."

"And what was the result of his meditations? He told us that he and Lord Fisher parted on a bad enterprise upon which the Government had decided and in which the fortunes of a struggling and ill-supported Army were already involved, and that he should therefore have resisted on public grounds the return of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty."

"That means that when these two men were taking part in that bad venture of the Gallipoli Peninsula and when the fortresses of the sister service were involved that, such was his opinion of Lord Fisher, he could not count on his support."

"I do not know what Lord Fisher thought about that apology. I know that if any friend of mine had made it about me I should have re-

garded it as the deepest insult that could be offered me."

"If it were true it is almost high treason. I do not believe for a moment that it is true."

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Colonel Churchill stepped to the table, clenched the box with both hands and leaned forward.

Colonel Churchill admitted there was no reason to suppose that our margin of strength at the present time was not sufficient; and there was no cause at the present time for alarm.

"But I have tried to bring the House and the country to a feeling that the greatest efforts must be made to carry the programme forward with the highest speed."

"It is right that a note of warning should be sounded, but it need not be done."

"So far from having gone beyond what the facts of the situation justified, I have been restrained only with the strictest regard to secrecy and the public interest from making my statement in a stronger form, and this is perfectly well known to those who sit on the Treasury Bench."

"The real fact is that if the Admiralty could associate the driving power of Lord Fisher with the carrying out of Lord Fisher's programme, great public advantage would result."

STATE BAWLING THE ODDS.

The Government escaped defeat in the House of Commons last night by a majority of twenty-four on a matter of horse-racing.

A division was unexpectedly challenged on the vote of £50,000 for the purchase of Colonel Hall Walker's stud farm for Army purposes.

A division was also called on the motion of the Government as trainers and owners of racehorses, was taken amid a good deal of excitement, and the announcement of the figures was received with laughter and cheers. The figures were:

For the vote 44
Against 20

Government majority 24

"I do not object to horse-racing," said Mr. George Greenwood, "but the whole thing is spoilt by a lot of hoarse-voiced bandits bawling out the odds."

What has become of the Nonconformist cop-scientist?" wept Mr. Whitehouse.

"Nonconformists who support the Government in this matter are becoming partners—passive partners, but partners nevertheless—with those bottle-nosed ruffians who call odds upon racecourses," he said.

MARRIED MEN UP TO 35.

Eight New Derby Groups To Be Called on April 17.

The married men included in Groups 35 to 41, whose ages range from twenty-seven to thirty-five inclusive, it is understood, will be called up on or about Monday, April 17.

Proclamations to this effect will be issued early next week.

Attested married men at Leicester last night passed resolutions claiming the release from attestation under the Derby scheme, as the proposed system of selection, which had been carried out, and calling on the Government to suspend the mobilisation of married men for twenty-eight days and issue a plain statement in the meantime.

Similar resolutions were passed at largely-attended meetings at Cardiff and Portsmouth.

Exemption for three months was granted yesterday by the East Anglian (Kent) Tribunal to a grocer, Mr. Fred Hockstet, of Wye, who said he was the only banker in the town, and attended 300 to 400 soldiers.

The owner of a large Wold Farm, appealing on behalf of his son, aged twenty, said he had never read or heard anything about the war, nor had his wife or son. He just knew a war was

on. He had neglected all the preliminary measures, and the tribunal refused leave to appeal.

After a Zeppelin raid in a northern area a young man, who had lodged an appeal against military service as a conscientious objector, yesterday went to the re-enlisting office and asked leave to withdraw his appeal.

750,990 MILES CAPTURED.

Mr. Bonar Law, in parliamentary papers, gives the following details as to the area of the conquered German colonies:

	Square Miles.
South-West Africa	322,450
Cameroons	300,000
Togoland	33,700
Sabia	660
Obukh	340
Kaiser Wilhelms Land and Pacific Islands	76,000
Bismarck Archipelago	22,640
Caroline, Pelew Marianne and Marshall Islands	1,000
Kiau-chau	200

CHILDREN'S CHANCE TO HELP US WIN.

Sir Robert Blair's Booklet of 'Don'ts' and 'Do's.'

HIS BREAD SUM.

How can children help to save and win the war?

Sir Robert Blair, the distinguished education officer of the London County Council, has issued a little booklet of "Don'ts" and "Do's," which is to help parents and teachers in economy talks to children. And grown-ups, too, can pay heed to this sage advice. Here are some of Sir Robert Blair's "Don'ts" and "Do's":

Don't go to picture palaces.

Don't throw away empty bottles or jam pots, but give or sell them to people who will use them.

Be careful not to waste bread or other kinds of food.

Do take the trouble to cook well, so as to make the food taste nice and go further.

Do be careful of your clothes, and mend them instead of buying new ones.

Do be careful of things at school—like paper, pencils, and even ink.

"These are just a few suggestions of the sort of things which you might save," says Sir Robert Blair, "but you will be able to think of many more."

Thirty thousand of the booklets, *The Daily Mirror*, will be distributed among the London County Council schools this week, but a copy should be in every home and in the hands of every teacher in the country.

Sir Robert Blair suggests that pupils should be asked to come to school with a list of things which they think they could do without and of ways in which they could avoid waste.

"As to our little bits of saving being not worth troubling about," says Sir Robert Blair, "we can easily get rid of this difficulty by doing a little sum in arithmetic."

"There are, roughly speaking, forty-five millions of us, so that a very little saving by each of us comes to a fairly big sum. If we each save a penny, that is £187,500."

"Here is a sum for you to do. If each of the forty-five millions of us wastes a piece of bread three inches square by half an inch thick, how big a bit of bread does that make altogether?"

AERIAL TORPEDOES.

From time to time the French War Office, which has organised an excellent photographic service, shows us how the women are doing their full share of war work. In this case parts



of an aerial torpedo are seen being welded together. It is work that is not entirely without risk, and the woman's eyes, it will be seen, are protected.

PREMIERS MEET.

The Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, yesterday called upon Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law.

With the Prime Minister Mr. Hughes conversed upon matters in general, but the chief topic of conversation with Mr. Bonar Law was the quest for additional freights to England for the Australian wheat crop.

Mr. Bonar Law will preside at a complimentary luncheon to be given to-day at the House of Commons under the auspices of the Empire Parliamentary Association to Mr. Hughes.

£20,000-A-YEAR MUNITION WORKER.

Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., has just related that on the occasion of a recent visit to munition factories in Scotland a woman worker was pointed out to him who was said to have an income of about £20,000 a year.

"There she was," said Mr. Barnes, "standing alongside a machine ten or twelve hours a day, while others who were making shells were daughters of mill-owners."

Read "Our Watch Upon the Coast," by Max Pemberton, on page 5.

IS VON TIRPITZ ON THE EVE OF SEEKING BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA?

Dutch Story of German Fleet Going Westward.

"FIFTY WARSHIPS."

Germans Claim Push of Two Miles in Meuse Battle.

124 BOMBS ON METZ.

TIRPITZ'S EYES ON TRIDENT?

Is Von Tirpitz going to challenge our sea supremacy? Are the Germans really going to seek a battle in the North Sea?

These are questions everybody has been asking, especially since the publication of the Amsterdam story that twenty-five German warships had been seen cruising in the North Sea.

These speculations will be further enlivened by yesterday's Amsterdam message saying that on Monday fifty German warships were seen off Terschelling, all proceeding westwards.

THE WESTERN FRONT.

Yesterday's Paris bulletins report several French successes.

To the west of the Meuse the Germans were driven out of the greater part of the Crows' Wood, while in Upper Alsace the Allies regained some trenches lost on February 12 to the east of Seppois.

A brilliant air raid, in which 124 bombs were dropped, has been carried out on the Metz-Sablons Station by French airmen.

After violent fighting in the region of Douaumont the Germans succeeded in reoccupying Hardaumont Redoubt.

The French have also recaptured trenches in Champagne.

BERLIN'S VERSION.

The Berlin version of the fighting west of the Meuse, about which the Germans had previously said little, asserts that the French positions on the left bank of the Meuse, on both sides of the Forges Brook below Béthincourt, were stormed over a width of nearly four miles and a depth of two miles.

The Germans claim taking prisoner fifty-eight officers and 3,277 men.

VALUABLE CARGOES IN SEIZED FOE SHIPS.

Germans State War Will Be Declared on Portugal on Saturday.

LOURENCO MARQUES, March 7.—The Government on Saturday took over four German ships lying here—namely, Admiral, Essen, Kronprinz and Hof.—Reuter.

JOHANNESBURG, March 7.—The seized steamers at Delagoa—namely, the Admiral, 6,355 tons; Kronprinz, 5,689, and Khalil, 5,105, of the German South Africa Line; the Essentia, 378, and Hof, 4,705, of the German Australia Line; the Linda Woermann, 1,377, of the Woermann Line, and Zieten, 8,002, of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, which have all been seeking refuge at Delagoa Bay since the end of July, 1914, are expected to be taken to Durban or Capetown and made serviceable.

They have all got valuable cargoes, the Essen's last cargo being £1,000,000.—Exchange.

ZURICH, March 8.—The Munich *Nachrichten* states definitely that no ultimatum has yet been presented to Portugal.

A Frankfurt report declares that unless the ships are released the Portuguese Minister will receive his passports on Saturday at noon.

AMSTERDAM, March 7.—In Berlin it is considered that Germany's declaration of war on Portugal is only a matter of days.—Exchange.

TRENCH MORTARS BUSY.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, March 8, 9.17 p.m.—Last night the enemy sprang a mine near the Ypres-Comines railway, doing no damage.

Our artillery bombarded the vicinity to-day. To-day by exploding a small mine east of Laventie we interrupted the enemy's mining.

Near Vermelles we have been fighting with trench mortars, during which we did considerable damage to the enemy's defences.

The enemy shelled our positions in the crater east of Vermelles. Elsewhere nothing to report.

ARMADA THAT WAS SEEN BY DUTCH TRAWLERS.

Battleships, Destroyers, U Boats and Zeppelins Going Westward.

AMSTERDAM, March 8.—A telegram from Ymuiden states that late last night a steam trawler entering the port reported having sighted off Terschelling on Monday afternoon a fleet consisting of at least fifty large German warships, followed by a large fleet of armed trawlers painted grey, two big Zeppelins and numerous submarines, "all proceeding westwards."

On Monday morning five large cruisers of unknown nationality passed Ymuiden at full speed.

It is conjectured that all this activity is connected with an attempt on the part of the German Fleet to break through the British blockade.—Reuter.

DUTCH SHIPS HAILED.

AMSTERDAM, March 8.—The crews of steam trawlers which arrived at Ymuiden this morning confirm the Scheveningen story of the presence of a big German fleet in the North Sea.

The fleet was encountered on Monday morning in Lat. 53.35 N. Long. 4.28 E., and was then sailing in a westerly direction.

According to some reports, which, however, are probably exaggerated to some extent, the fleet comprised at least fifty units, including some big battleships.

It was escorted by a large number of armoured (?) steam trawlers painted grey, one or two airships of the Zeppelin type and a number of submarines.

It was escorted by a large number of armoured (?) steam trawlers hauled, but were not molested. General News.

COPENHAGEN, March 8.—The United Steamship Company's steamer Thysra, bound for west Norwegian ports with a general cargo, has been seized by a German warship and brought to Swinemünde.—Reuter.

"ANY BRITISH ABOUT?"

According to the newspaper *Vaderland*, says a Central News message, a Scheveningen fishing boat was haled yesterday when thirty-five miles westward by a German battleship, which formed one of a fleet of twenty-nine German warships, composed for the most part of destroyers, small cruisers and battleships.

The skipper was asked whether he had seen any Britishers about.

The German fleet afterwards disappeared in a north-north-easterly direction.

RUSSIAN ARMY'S MESSAGE TO FRENCH ARMY.

Success of Clever Ruse on Upper Strypa Region.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, March 8.—To-day's communiqué says:

Western Front.—In the Riga sector our artillery several times caused a cessation of the German works.

In the Drivsk region near Illukst the struggle for the possession of craters continues. All the German attempts to occupy them have been repulsed.

In the Upper Strypa region we allowed a large enemy detachment to approach within fifty paces of our trenches without firing a shot, and then dispersed them by our fire.

Caucasian Front.—Yesterday we captured the town of Rizeh. In Persia we occupied the town of Senneh, fifty versts north of Kerman-shah.

The Russian Army is following with the keenest attention the success of the valiant French Army.—Reuter.

TRENCHES IN CHAMPAGNE WON BACK BY FRENCH.

German Attack on Woevre Smashed by Curtain Fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 8.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:

In Champagne, in the region east of Maisons de Charny, we delivered an attack which made us masters again of the elements of trenches which the enemy had captured on March 6.

During this action we took eighty-five prisoners, including three officers, and captured a machine gun.

A German counter-attack directed a little against the positions we were holding was repulsed.

In the Argonne our artillery bombarded the roads in the region of Montfacon, on which enemy's motor transport had been reported.

In the region north of Verdun no change is reported during the night.

The Germans continued the bombardment of our front west of the Meuse, without attempting any infantry action.

A counter-attack by us on the Crows' Wood, where the Germans had penetrated yesterday, was repulsed.

A counter-attack by us on the Crows' Wood, where the Germans had penetrated yesterday, was repulsed.

On the right bank of the Meuse the bombardment was again characterized by great violence in the region of Douaumont, where the Germans unsuccessfully attempted to attack our lines to the east of the fort.

FIERCE GUN DUELS.

As the result of an infantry attack, the enemy succeeded in reoccupying the Hardaumont Redoubt, which we had captured yesterday.

In the Woevre the artillery duel continued to be very severe.

Our batteries on the Meuse heights vigorously repulsed to the German artillery.

In Upper Alsace a counter-attack with hand grenades enabled us to recapture some elements of trenches which were captured by the Germans on February 12 to the east of Seppois.

Aero-plane bombardment.—Squadrons consisting of sixteen machines dropped 124 bombs of every calibre on the station of Metz-Sablons, where there were several trains. The projectiles found their mark.

A second series of aeroplanes attempted to pursue our machines, which returned to their starting point, with the exception of one aeroplane, which was compelled to land as the result of engine trouble.—Reuter.

“3,335 PRISONERS.”

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 8.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:

Western Theatre of War.—At ten o'clock in the evening the French delivered a counter-attack against the position to the east of the farm "Maison de Charny," which we had recaptured. On the right wing hand grenade fighting still continues. Otherwise the attack had been completely repulsed.

In order to improve upon the new lines pushed forward on the right bank of the Meuse, on the southern slopes of the Col Talou of the Pepper Ridge and the Douaumont positions, the enemy positions on the left bank of the Meuse, on the village of Foy, were repulsed. In Béthincourt, we stormed over a width of six kilometres (nearly four miles), and a depth of more than three kilometres (nearly two miles).

The villages of Forges and Regniveille, as well as the heights of Raben and Cumières Woods, are in our possession.

Counter-attacks delivered by the French against the southern boundaries of these woods were repulsed with sanguinary losses.

A second series of the occupants of the captured positions perished.

Forty-eight officers and 3,277 men were taken prisoners. Furthermore, ten cannon and much other war material have been captured.

In the Woevre district the enemy was driven out of the last houses of Fresnes. The number of prisoners taken there has increased to eleven officers and 1,000 men.

Our aeroplane squadrons dropped bombs on the villages to the west of Verdun.

Eastern Theatre of the War.—Russian local attacks were repulsed at several points on the front. The stretch of railway between Liachowitschi (south-east of Baranowitschi) and Luninieck, where great railway traffic was observed to take place, was attacked by our airmen with good results.—Wireless Press.

CROWN PRINCE'S GUESTS.

ZURICH, March 8.—The Basler Volksblatt learns from Alsace that Admiral von Tirpitz, Count Zeppelin, and other distinguished guests have recently arrived at the Crown Prince's headquarters.—Exchange.

FISHER AT WAR COUNCIL.

By invitation of the Cabinet, Lord Fisher attended for the first time the meeting of the War Council at No. 10, Downing-street, yesterday.



A battalion of French reserves passing to the position assigned to them in the Ypres.—(French War Office photograph.)

"THE MAN WHO BOUGHT LONDON": EDGAR WALLACE'S FILM.



Crossing the road by wires to enter a house.



A scene during the fire at Kerry's stores.

FOR THE SPRING.



Full skirt with box pleat. The coatee has heavily-braided pockets, which form a new feature.



Zeberlieff threatening Vera.

All the scenes and incidents in this film, which is to be presented in London shortly, were taken in the metropolis. It is adapted from Mr. Edgar Wallace's book.



Private Alec Owen, reported wounded and missing. He is the only son of a widowed mother.

Private Warsbold, who has been missing since the battle at Hill 60. He lived at Bray, Berkshire.

BUS DRIVERS WEAR VEILS.



This is how the London omnibus drivers avoid being blinded by the snow. They have tried many devices, but the majority now favour an ordinary woman's veil.

HOSPITAL FOUNDED BY MONKS.



A wounded Welsh Fusilier working a flag in silk for his regiment. He is in the hospital founded by the monks of St. Michael's Abbey, Farnborough.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE

The Latest Adherent to
"Harlene Hair-Drill."

ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECOMMENDS
THIS NATIONAL METHOD OF CULTI-
VATING BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill"
Outfits Free.

The most adherent to "Harlene Hair-Drill," the most simple, yet scientific method of keeping hair beautiful is Miss Phyllis Dare, the dainty and charming Musical Comedy Actress, whose talent has delighted millions of people throughout this country. She, just as others renowned for their beauty in the theatrical world, as well as Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Phyllis Baker, Miss Dorothy Gurney, Miss Ruth Edwards, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Miss Daisy Thimble, definitely states that to preserve Hair Beauty, "Harlene Hair-Drill" is indispensable.



Photo: MISS PHYLLIS DARE. [Rita Martin.]
The charming exponent of Musical Comedy cordially advises readers who desire hair beauty to accept the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift offered here free. Post coupon below.

In a charming letter to the Proprietors of "Harlene," Miss Phyllis Dare says:

"Will you be good enough to send me a further supply of 'Harlene' at the earliest possible moment."

"I am more than gratified with the unflinching good results of 'Hair-Drill,' and this opinion is shared by many of my friends."

"It is, indeed, a pleasure for me to add my evidence to the statement of others. I feel confident that beautiful hair is only a matter of careful attention, and the correct attention is undoubtedly 'Harlene Hair-Drill.'

"Yours sincerely,
[Signed] PHYLLIS DARE."

It is open for everyone who desires hair health and beauty to test the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method free, for Mr. Edwards has arranged a great Four-Fold Gift, which should be obtained by anyone suffering from:

1. Thinning hair.
2. Dull, lifeless hair.
3. Dry or Greasy Scalp.
4. Splitting or Breaking hair.
5. Powdery Dust when brushing or combing the hair.
6. Dandruff or Scurf.

THIS IS YOUR FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

Send your name and address on this form, and we will receive—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true Liquid Food for the hair.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair.

4. The Secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.

You can always obtain further supplies of "Harlene" from your druggist, 1s., 2s. 6d. or 2s. 8d.; "Cremex," at 1s. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

If ordered direct from Edwards' "Harlene" Co., any article will be sent post free on remittance. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In addition to the popular Liquid "Harlene," Solidified "Harlene," containing all the wonderful hair beautifying properties of the liquid preparation, may now be obtained from all chemists in tins at 2s. 9d., or direct post free on remittance.

POST THIS COUPON.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 23-28, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME
ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 9-3-16.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1916.

COLD FEET.

WE talk copiously enough about the weather in England, but few of us take any precautions against it. We are astonished when it is warm up till Christmas, as it nearly always is; we are shocked when, after Christmas, and especially during this grim month of March, it becomes "Christmassy," in a belated and aggressive manner. Moreover, we take no trouble to protect our selves from this malady known as March.

One is amazed to see the inadequate preparations made to affront March, fatal month, in the matter, especially, of foot-wear.

One's friends tread the miry ways, thick in penetrating slush, with just the customary boots that are as capable of keeping out wet and cold as they would be to resist bombs, if there were any here. A few affect overshoes, but these are noted for eccentricity, for fussiness, for fads. Perhaps they once lived in the United States, to dare to exhibit these "gums," these snow-boots, over their other shoes? They look very absurd. They indicate morbid delicacy. Does he wear snowboots? Perhaps he's a conscientious objector? He cannot have attested. You may depend he does it to get out of the Army. It is mere idleness. Or, worse, cowardice. The man is a crank."

So think the gay people with the customary boots, going down to offices, in March.

But when they get down to those offices, these people, in March, what is this uncomfortable sensation they are aware of, as it creeps up chilly from their toes?

It is the physical and moral, literal and metaphorical, sensation of *cold feet*.

You might say, as you talk to them at the office, over lunch, or in the street, that it's only their temper, the state of their affairs, worry over the war, or the horrors of peace. It is, in fact, "pessimism."

Perhaps; but what produces pessimism? *Cold feet.*

The problem of March for non-combatants—and, if possible, for others also—is the effort to keep the feet warm. Once you get cold feet, all is lost. Business is bad. The news is bad. Life is bad. Why were we born? What's the meaning of it? What, in sum, does the universe want of us? Thoughts that rise up through the physical frame into the brain from a mere material origin in cold feet.

In March, our definition of an optimist is one who keeps his feet warm. To do this, is to face Verdun, not only with good hope, but with enthusiasm, while to get one's feet cold is to view the war and everything else as though through a teasing blizzard of imaginary troubles, plunging one down, down into the sort of slush in which the brave French now fight against Kultur's latest effort to march towards world-power, or a patched-up peace.

W. M.

THE BLUE TIT.

Clad in suit of willow-green,
Blue and yellow is the spring
He will peck the buds of trees—
Twist and turn and turn and swing,
Uttering, his thefts between,
Tinkling trivialities.

He will watch the humming lures,
And adroitly snap in twain
Hanging berries as they appear.
All his time to him is given,
Yet hardly he thieves and thrives
In my garden year by year.

TERESA HOOLEY.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Never talk with any man, or undertake any trifling employment, merely to pass the time away; for every day we spend counts as a day of salvation, and time mainly employed is an "acceptable time." This time comes but once, and to waste is to throw by an only opportunity for ever.—Jeremy Taylor.

OUR WATCH UPON THE COAST.

MOTOR PATROLS AND THEIR EXCELLENT WORK.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

WE are properly forbidden these days to walk upon the shore or cliff at night; and the law deals drastically with anything but the "coastwise light" of which Kipling has sung. This prohibition does not distract us.

If our houses overlook the sea we sleep comfortably in our beds, knowing that if we may not watch, we in turn are watched. The lonely figure upon the hilltop is our surety. Venture abroad upon the forbidden field, and a challenge will soon be heard in the darkness. Vain to answer "friend" unless your purpose be authorised. This kind of man is at such times unfriendly.

Our coast "looks out," but is also looked upon. We know something about the advance

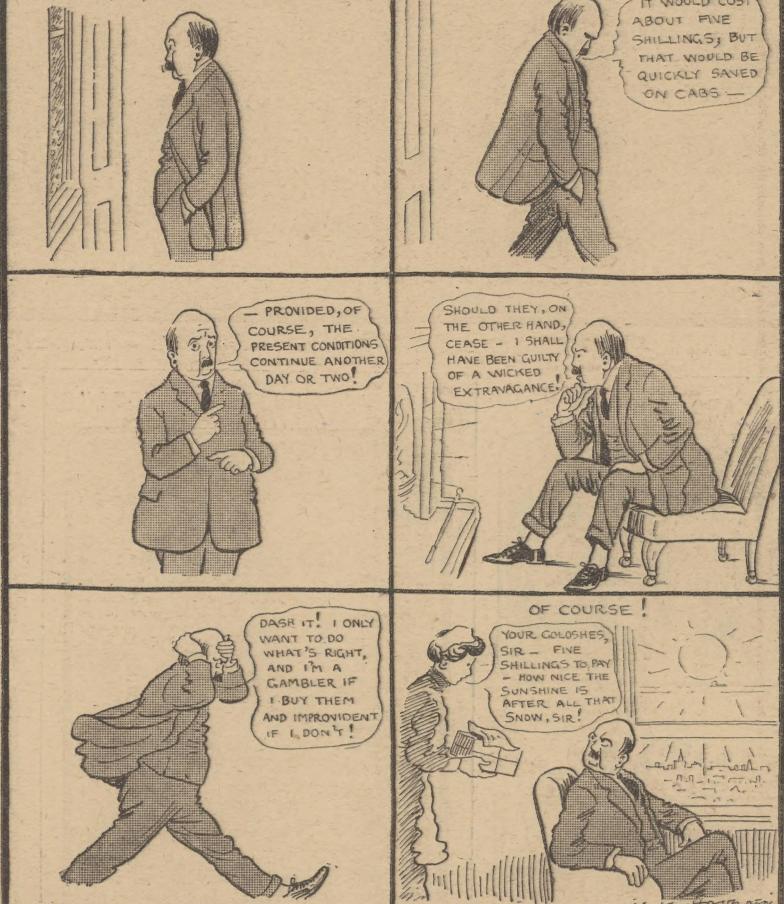
a patrol boat must make light of these trifles. The old-Greek adage, "Water is the best," is writ large upon his oilskins. Adventure waits upon him at every turn. His eyes search the sea for that fatal swirl which marks the submarine, or for its pencil-like periscope thrust suddenly above the still waters. Above them he races to warn the station. Or the drifting mine may cross his path, and the exciting pursuit of it begins, ending in the discharge of his gun and the blowing sky high of the deadly derelict. At other times the spin-drift will blind him, the wind blow bitter cold, the horizon show nothing but swelling clouds. Then he sings of "Home, Sweet Home," and tries to light his pipe. The sailor is lost when he comes to that job, but the sailor can do it at any time.

LIGHTS OUT!

I was asleep at the watching hour some week or two ago, when I heard a terrible to do at the house next door. This is "somewhere in England," and looks upon the blue waters. Far out a mighty lantern made vast lakes of golden light upon a still sea. It was bitter cold, and

MR. TIMKINS' PROBLEMS IN ECONOMY.

A STATE OF SLUSH HAVING LASTED FOR A WEEK, MR. TIMKINS WONDERS WHETHER HE OUGHT TO BUY A PAIR OF GOLOSHES AS A MEASURE OF ECONOMY



He decides to buy goloshes just as the inevitable thaw arrives.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

guards over there beyond our horizon—our lines of defence we believe to be invincible. Nearest still to the shore, within a biscuit toss of it, so speak to us, are the patrols of which I write; the good motor-boats large and small; the good fellows who are all awake while you and I are dreaming of an income tax of fourpence and of a collector who forgot to call for it.

A man who has never been to sea in a motor-boat has missed one of life's joys.

I recollect an experience of war when an enthusiast took me out from Lowestoft to try a 300-h.p. engine in a hull several sizes too small for a N. Sea "twist," was on, and our oilskins soon cried "enough." The boat went through rather than over the water, and the cloud of spray was like the beautiful fountains at the Trocadero. Presently the engine stopped, and it fell to me to crawl under the hood in an attempt to restart it. An excitable fellow there, a voice from the stars, cry "She'll be up in five minutes!" She nearly was, as it turned out. But I liked the prophet the less for all his cheerfulness. A man at sea in

the night as black as ink. Down in the garden of my neighbour's house stood a row of men officers, by no means pleased with the port-mortem of their visit. "You've got a light burning!" they roared. Something in a dressing-gown replied in a startled voice: "Good Lord! Where?" "We saw it five miles out at sea," the officer ran on. The startled voice rejoined that the owner thereof was a "damned fool."

"I went into my dressing-room to put out the light," said he, "and just happened to catch the light on." "Then jerk it off!" roared the seaman, and away the pain of them went back to the forbidden beach and the little boat soon rolling across the swell out to you far point by which the ships of England go.

Meanwhile the startled voice had yet another opinion of its owner to express. "I am the biggest fool in England," it said; "I never asked the voice to come in and have a drink."

Sometimes the old patois makes a man sit and say that may be a significant sound enough. Listening off the Kentish coast to the artillery in Flanders is no gay occupation for a man with

WINTER AND WAR.

MARCH PROBLEMS FOR HEALTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NO SALT.

I OBSERVE that the municipal authorities are using salt partially to clean away the snow.

It is not a good thing for the purpose and long ago was abandoned in cities where the snow problem is one of months and not of days. Salt softens and cracks the hoofs of horses, creating painful sores, and is not good for motor tyres.

RUSSIAN.

THE "WITH-NOTHING-ON" FEELING.

"W. M." in his amusing article about what I very closely upon one of the most important factors in military life.

He admits that with nothing on "one submits all the more readily to discipline." The same is the case with khaki on. The mere fact of being indistinguishable from the surroundings as far as one's dress is concerned is a great help in inculcating discipline; it makes one feel so much less important, in fact devoid of any individuality.

But it has its compensations; it engenders a feeling of freedom from responsibility. Until the civilian turns soldier he seldom realises exactly how great a slave he has been, and how delightful it is to be freed from that slavery. GROUP 5.

OUR LENTEN FASTS.

THERE is much physical as well as spiritual benefit to be obtained from fasting during the Lenten season. Many would suggest that your readers seize the opportunity from today to discipline both mind and body during the ensuing weeks, and for the latter discipline take the advice of their medical men. The result will be wholly beneficial at the conclusion of the fast.

PHYSICIAN.

SELF-DENIAL.

TOO many people seem to make so-called virtue of necessity in their Lenten self-denials. I have heard people say in past years, "Lent saved me fully a couple of pounds a week." That saving has been used subsequently for some unexpected extravagance. Surely we can give any money by our fasting; that money should be given to some good cause. Such causes are not hard to find in these terrible days.

M. L. G.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 8.—In these days of economy our gardens become poor and with hardly perennials and roses instead of bedding plants. Most perennials give little trouble and can be readily increased every year or so, while a rose-tree that costs about ninepence will give pleasure for quite ten years.

The dwarf polyantha roses, with their large clusters of flowers, bloom from June until November and are very useful for massing in beds. Orleans Rose, Jessie, Yvonne Rabier and Perle d'Or are four pretty varieties.

E. F. T.

Every roll of the distant thunder may mean that some brave fellow has laid down his life for king and country. The rolling sounds conjure up visions of desolate fields, stripped trees and ruined villages. The sea is happier in that it shows little of the aftermath of war. The patrol boat may or may not see a shot fired in anger; but it may loose off a gun itself in a genial way when a "tramp" is taking the wrong turn and making for a chisel and pick pocket's paradise. I saw a great hull an ocean steamer stopped some while back by a bit of a motor-boat; and, what was more, a destroyer came up presently and "walked off" with it in safe custody. Meanwhile the patrol went off blithely towards a distant sandbank where, about an hour afterwards, a tremendous spout of water indicated that a mine had been exploded.

"Ay, they fair do frightened 'es to see 'em," said an old herring boatman by my side.

He, however, did not appear in any way alarmed. On the contrary, he made it apparent that he was thirsty.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S HELMET NOW HAS A COVER.

G 11910 C



Alpinists in action on a hilltop in the Vosges, showing the new covers for the shrapnel-proof helmets.—(French War Office photograph.)

KING FERDINAND ARRIVES.

P 471 N



He is seen at the Austrian headquarters. The old man behind has a Tirpitz beard in a modified form.

WORKED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

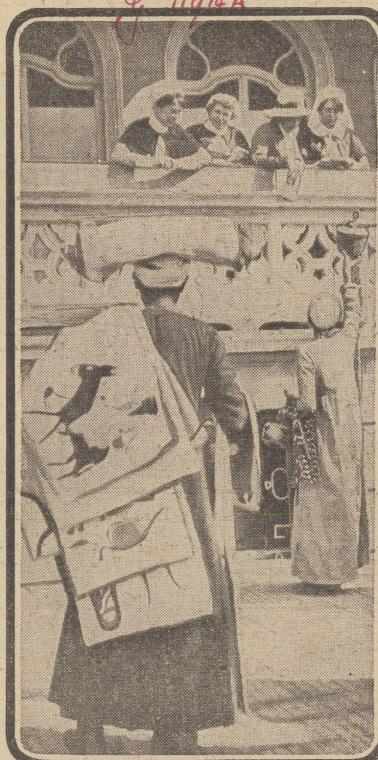
P 18420



Dr. May Dickinson Berry (seated) with Sisters Amet (left) and Brock, who have just arrived in London after an adventurous and exciting journey across enemy countries. They are all wearing the Serbian Military Cross, awarded them for work on the Balkan battlefield.

"WON'T THIS TEMPT YOU?"

G 11914 A



Native hawkers trying to tempt the nurses at the Semiramis Hotel, Cairo, with trinkets, curios and fancy goods.

PRINCE BORIS.

P 472 T



King Ferdinand's heir, who is to wed a Hapsburg princess.

STRANGE EFFECT OF SHELL FIRE.

G 11914 R



Part of the winding staircase at Arras was left standing desolately amid ruins.—(French War Office photograph.)

MISSING BOY

P 18420



Sidney Davis, aged five, of Hampton, who is missing. His mother, a widow, is most anxious for news of him. He is very intelligent.

MISS GERTIE MIL

T 91



SIGNED AWAY

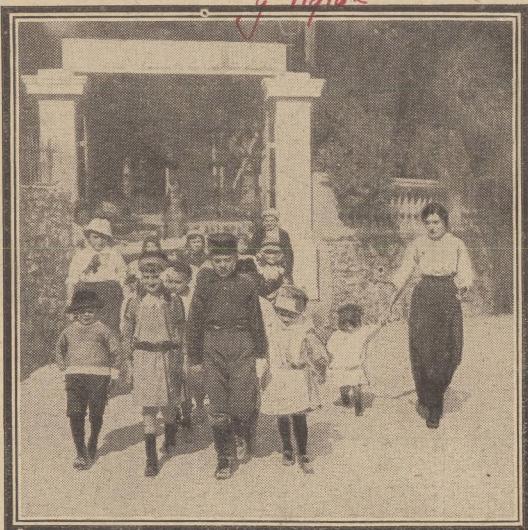
The six-year-old boy who, it was stated at Marylebone yesterday, was signed away by his mother. She asked if she could have him back.

LAR AND A CHUM.

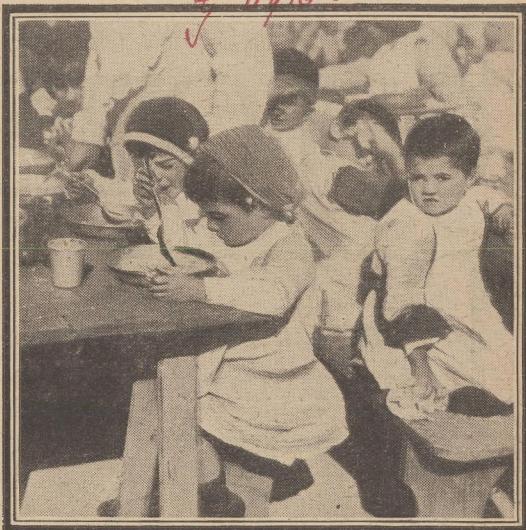
629.



actress. She is dressed as a jumping
whic his still drawing crowded houses
(Rita Martin.)

CARING FOR THE LITTLE EXILES FROM SERBIA.

f 11916 E
Many of them have no father.



f 11916 E
The youngest children at dinner.



f 11916 E
During playtime the little ones amuse themselves on the seashore, while their guardian sees that they come to no harm.
A number of Serbian children are being housed and educated in a hostel on the coast of France. They were rescued from the clutches of the Hun, and when they grow up they will realise how lucky they were to be taken to France.

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF A BOMB EXPLOSION.

The bursting of a bomb dropped from an enemy aircraft. A man with a camera happened to be within range, thus securing what is probably a unique photograph.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

PERFORMING TRICKS ON A MOTOR-CYCLE.

f 8216
This War Office expert, who is testing a new motor-cycle for the Army, performed several clever tricks before an admiring audience.

Economise

What Is real Economy?

None of us in these days ought to spend two pence where a penny will do—rather ought we to spend the penny and save the rest—for according to Authority, we shall need it later.

But with food, it is not economy but folly to buy at a less price than *good* food can be sold, or to stint its quality.

All food you buy from the Home and Colonial is *good* food, and the price you pay is, nine times out of ten, less than you pay elsewhere; in short, you cannot go below the Home and Colonial price unless you sacrifice food-nourishment and purity.

And there is no finer food-value in the world than the Home and Colonial Perfect Margarine offered on this page.

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and Milk
account for

the delicious flavour and the
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will never get better value
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Stylish Hat in Black, Navy and Nigger Cloth, Purple Spray at side. Very Special 6/11 Box and Postage 6d. extra.

Smart Hat in Black, Navy, Nigger Cloth, with Ribbons and stars under brim, bunch of Berries at side. Price 11/9 Box & postage 6d. extra.

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Icilma Cream restores the natural beauty of the skin because it acts in a natural way. Buy a 1/- pot and use it through this month of March.

Note the improvement day by day—see how much nicer your complexion will become; how much cleaner your skin will appear; how much softer your hands will be.

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DO NOT MISS READING THIS SPLENDID STORY

ROSALIE By MARK ALLERTON.

New Readers Begin Here.
CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus.

As is usual, being a pretty girl, she comes in for a good deal of critical notice.

The young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest is that disconcerting Rosalie flatters herself that she can arrest the gaze of any young man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows. But this time it is not successful. He only smiles.

He is about twenty-eight and good-looking. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie feels it is time to make a move. "I like your husband," she says with a certain ominous directness, "but do I know you?"

The young man laughs. He tells her that he knows all about Hugh Grieve, the vicar's wife at Northbury Park. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

The young man is right. Wynne tells her that he too lives in Northbury Park. Rosalie is frankly glad to hear it, as since her marriage she has lost sight of a lot of her old friends. She arranges dinner with him and some old artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, is clever and popular and a fine figure of a man, and is certain to be a success in any field of endeavour. The world is abysmal, and amuses Rosalie, who loves him genuinely and whole-heartedly.

When he hears of his wife mention the name of Alan Wynne, he feels a sudden pang of alarm. And then there comes to him Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities and by the strange artistic people who attend parties in Soho.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve does not say anything until Rosalie tells him that she is dining with her artist friends. He has not got over the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Wynne. He is very annoyed, but does not say anything.

Rosie sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wife's friends has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting.

"I have developed a very sudden attachment to this fellow!" In his anger Hugh does not attempt to conceal his sneer. He gets angrier and angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie.

"Hugh—what's the matter with you?" cries Rosalie.

"Simply this. I am not going to have you knowing Wynne. You have got to choose between your husband and your loyalty to me. You mustn't see him again. I am in earnest, Rosalie. Finally he tells her that she must choose between them."

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day he calls on her, and Hugh Grieve finds them together. Wynne is very flippant, and Grieve treats him with contempt.

RECONCILIATION.

THE meeting between Hugh Grieve and Wynne had the satisfactory effect of restoring the former's equanimity. He was even amused at the pang of jealousy that had assailed him when he had found Wynne by the side of his wife.

He was not a little ashamed of himself, because he had been betrayed into showing his animosity. For, of course—this he now appreciated quite clearly—Alan Wynne was a man who did not matter.

Rosalie was right when she told herself that Wynne had shown himself in the least attractive light. It was almost as though he had gone out of his way to impress Hugh unfavourably. He had been flippant without cause. He had been overbearing and self-satisfied. He had notably failed to take Hugh seriously, and it was Hugh's habit to be taken seriously. The lack of mutual understanding between the two men was colossal.

Realising this, and the impossibility of the two ever being friends, Rosalie had put Alan Wynne out of her thoughts. And divining this, Hugh was well content.

It happened that a week before Rosalie's birthday Hugh was summoned to a conference at Norwich.

"Could anything be more annoying than this?" he cried, handing her the missive. "I means that I shall not be at home on your birthday. And I was looking forward to celebrating it. The first birthday you've had that I could share?"

He fell to making other plans. The birthday celebrations, he decided, would take place the very next day. He kept their nature a secret, and for a time he was very busy at the telephone.

Next morning Rosalie found a package awaiting her on the breakfast-table. She opened it and found a leather case, containing a rope of pearls. On a card was written: "Wishing my dear wife many happy returns."

"How wonderful!" she cried with a gasp of astonishment. "You dear darling, extravagant Hugh!"

She hugged him boisterously, and then she scolded him for spending so much money.

"You are far, far too kind to me, Hugh," she

said with glistening eyes. "I wish I could tell you how grateful I am!"

He laughed contentedly, and brushed aside her thanks.

"For tonight," he said, "I've got a box at the Amphitheatre. And I booked a table at Dorland's. I read that Dorland's is the only possible place to dine if you are celebrating a birthday."

"Dorland's! I've longed to go to Dorland's!" Rosalie clapped her hands.

Rosalie's world is paradise, which comes to doors, ready to dust off, to open girls. Dorland's soon band was the talk of London. At Dorland's the chef received an ambassadorial salary. Dorland's was the last place in London at which one might expect to see a vicar dining. And yet Hugh had chosen Dorland's.

The choice was a revelation to Rosalie. She knew why Hugh had chosen Dorland's. It was because he knew that Rosalie had never been allowed to have a glimpse of a new life, the life that is the froth on a glass of champagne, to enjoy a new experience. The choice was momentous. It meant that Hugh was beginning to appreciate that there might be something to be said in favour of a point of view that was not his own.

Rosalie was almost sorry he had chosen Dorland's. It meant a sacrifice. It was too bad of her to have to make further sacrifices. Too bad, but tremendously exciting.

Hugh had forgotten nothing. Flowers arrived for Rosalie, and they drove to Dorland's, not in the Northbury Park and Liverpool-street omnibus, but in a luxurious motor-car from the garage round the corner.

"It is just as if you were a millionaire," laughed Rosalie.

"I am going to play at being a millionaire for a night," said Hugh. "I should think one would lose one's zest for it after a time."

"I am sure of it!" agreed Rosalie. "All the fun is in doing things one can't really afford. That is why I should hate to be rich."

Dorland's maintained its reputation. There was a duke in attendance. A vast number of pretty girls well known on the stage were at their tables, and the waiters were most considerate. Most of the dishes were out of season. The coon band played as though its life depended on taking as much violent exercise as possible.

Rosalie loved that novelty. What surprised her most of all was that Hugh, too, seemed to be enjoying himself. Anything more unlike the conditions under which he made it his rule to spend the evening could not be imagined. Rosalie came to the conclusion that the experience would teach him a good deal. It would take him out of himself, make him alive to the human interest of the passing show.

At the Amphitheatre there was revue. It was built on fabric of gossamer wings. It was light, sparkling, beautiful, witty. It was the first revue Hugh had ever seen. Nothing on the stage delighted Rosalie so much as the sound of her husband's laughter. It was spontaneous, hearty.

Only when she spoke to him did he not reply. With his eyes on the stage he had forgotten all about her. That is the criterion of an entertainment's success—that it makes you forget the people love.

Then back in the big motor-car, purring past Northbury Park omnibus stops, at which people waved their hats and an umbrella, and then surged around the conductor's platform.

Arrived at the Vicarage, Hugh disappeared to return with a bottle of champagne.

"Just for a night-cap, and to wish my sweet heart the happiest year of her life, with still happier ones to follow."

Their glasses clinked.

"You have forgotten nothing," laughed Rosalie. "I do believe you have vast experience that you have concealed from me."

"Looks like it doesn't it?" replied Hugh.

"But to be honest, I was fearfully nervous when I started this adventure. It's all your fault, Rosalie. Tell me, have you really and truly had a good time?"

"The most wonderful evening I've ever had."

"Really?"

"Of course of honour."

"You are sure you don't prefer Fournier's and—and that sort of thing?"

"You darling! To mention poor little Fournier's after experiencing the magnificence of Dorland's! It isn't fair!"

He was not satisfied, but he changed the subject. "I'm going to give you another time of it, Rosalie. You'll be surprised. The world must be dull for you at times. We'll go about more. And a small motor-car might be rather jolly. Would you like to learn to drive one?"

"I've got all the world that I want. Haven't I got you?"

"But, seriously, Rosalie—"

"I am serious. Don't you know that you are the beginning and end of all things to me? With you there is no end to the fun. Without you there is none. My darling husband!"

Her voice shook with tenderness. She held out her arms. He caught them, and drawing her to him kissed her on the lips.

THE UNKNOWN WRITER.

TWO days later came a letter from Dora Bettison.

"My dear Rosalie," it ran. "Would you like to come with us to a fancy dress ball at the town hall? It is on the 23rd, and is in aid of local charities, which is the excuse for the somewhat high price of the tickets. They are three guineas, and supper is thrown in."

"We expect to be quite a big party, so it ought

to be a jolly evening. I'm going as Carmen. I shan't look a bit like Carmen, you know. I happen to have the costume, and I can't run to another at present. I'd be sorry if Hugh would come to, come, but I want to have you in a rippin' band, here. Do try and come—Yours affectionately, Dora."

"P.S.—Madge is going as Portia."

The letter filled Rosalie with rapture. She had not been to a ball for months and months, and to her music and dancing were irresistible. Already she heard the sweep of the bows on violin strings and the impelling cadence of the waltz. And, before her eyes were the lights and the vivid colours of the costumes. She heard the laughter of the dancers, smelt the exotic perfumes—grease paint, rouge, powder, the incense of the bat masque.

She carried the letter to her husband.

"Just read this, Hugh," she cried. "Isn't it too lovely for words?" He was writing at his desk. He looked worried as Rosalie came in; but he smiled as he took the letter.

"But, Rosie, you can't go," he said when he had read it.

"Can't go? Why not, Hugh?"

"I shall be at Northwich on the 23rd."

"The Bettisons will look after me, Hugh," she smiled, but an anxious look had entered her eyes.

"The Bettisons!" His lips moved. "I don't think so. I can't imagine the Bettisons looking after anybody!"

"Hugh! How unjust you are to the Bettisons!"

"I don't think so." He spoke with unusual irritation. "They are, I am sure, quite estimable people. You like them, so they must be. But I am equally sure they are not the sort of people I would entrust you to at a ball."

"Entrust me to, Hugh?" Rosalie laughed shrilly. "You talk as though I were a parcel to be sent by passenger train and labelled 'fragile.' I do want to go to this ball, Hugh!"

He drummed his fingers on the desk. His manner was strangely distract. Rosalie got the

impression that he wanted to be rid of her. She knew it was the busy time of his day, but she had hoped that the momentous nature of the errand was sufficient excuse for the interruption.

"Hugh—why can't I go to the ball?" she pleaded.

Without replying, he pushed his chair back and rose, going to the fire.

"I want to go, Hugh."

She had become pale. Perhaps a premonition of the big fight that was to come had entered her mind. No, but she expected action, but her independence of thought was at stake. She wanted to know. Any good reason would satisfy her. But there must be a reason. And it must be a good reason.

There are a dozen objections to your going to this ball."

Rosalie's lips tightened. Never before had she heard her husband speak so harshly. She had not the slightest inclination to cry. She was only very curious, and just a little angry. The people who make claim to a dozen objections have so seldom one that will bear examination.

"Tell me one," she demanded.

He made a nervous gesture.

"I can't afford it," he blurted out.

She did not speak. Of all the reasons against her going to the ball this was the most unexpected. She gazed at Hugh, astonished. His embarrassment cut her to the quick.

"There's the three guineas for the ticket," he was muttering. "And there will be your costume and cabs, and—and all that sort of thing. I can afford it, Rosie. Really?"

She silenced him with an imperious raised hand.

"Please—please!" she cried. "I don't want to hear any more. Of course, I shan't go to the ball. I'm sorry. But, Hugh, I'm not half so sorry as I should have been if you hadn't been honest with me. Do forgive me for worrying you."

She was coming to him when the telephone bell rang violently. The instrument was in the passage just outside Hugh's study.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "One moment, please."

He left the room. Rosalie went to his desk. Idly she glanced at what he had been writing. It amused her to read the notes of his sermons—hieroglyphics legible only to himself—representing the best of the worst elements in the London. What she saw on his desk was the beginning of a letter. She could not avoid the words. They hung themselves at her.

"My dear Lucy," she read. "In view of our agreement, I do not see how you can justify this further claim on me. I enclose a cheque for £100. It is absolutely the last. Since I have been married, I—"

The letter broke off.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.



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Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P.

War Office Finance.

Although there are two representatives of the War Office in the House of Commons, most people are familiar with the name of one only, probably because it fails to his lot to answer the general conundrums that are put to the War Office. Mr. H. J. Tennant, the Under-Secretary, has a colleague in Mr. H. W. Forster, the Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Playing the Game.

Mr. Forster has held a very safe seat at Sevenoaks since 1892. I wonder how much influence his cricketing record had towards getting him votes. He played in turn for Eton, Oxford and the Gentlemen. His wife's brother, Lord Montagu of Beaufort, will be to the fore in the Lords this week on an aeronautical question.

Balfour-Churchill Duel.

I do not think we have ever known Mr. Balfour in finer form than he was in the House of Commons last night, nor do I think I have ever seen Colonel Churchill look more uncomfortable than he did under the dainty railings of the First Lord. It must, however, be mentioned that Mr. Balfour came down to the House carefully prepared, while the younger man's reply was "thought out" on the spot.

The Colonel.

Colonel Churchill again sat on the Front Opposition bench, this time in the corner where dear old Colonel Lockwood so frequently reposes. But Colonel Churchill stepped up to the box to fire off his seven minutes' speech, and then had a few minutes' chat with Mr. George Lambert, the ex-Civil Lord. How pleased Mr. Balfour and Mr. McKenna looked when it was all over!

—And His Supporters.

The cheers which greeted Colonel Churchill's rising seemed to come almost exclusively from the Liberals below the Ministerial gangway. His most demonstrative supporter was Sir Arthur Markham, but Sir Henry Dalziel, Mr. Handel Booth and Mr. Hogge seemed, I thought, to be in equal sympathy with his views.

Lord Fisher.

Almost everybody's eyes roved up to the peers' gallery in expectation of seeing Lord Fisher, the subject of the controversy, in his accustomed seat over the clock. But the great sailor was not there. How he would have enjoyed the "liveliness" which marked last night's debate! Yet all through the duel Mr. Balfour spoke of Colonel Churchill, and Colonel Churchill of Mr. Balfour as "my right hon. friend"!

Anxious Times.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, after she finishes playing at the Coliseum, is going to her home county for rest, she tells me. She is having an anxious time. One brother, Brigadier-General Barnes, is at the front, another is a Lieutenant in the Hampshire, and she has innumerable cousins fighting.

Tailor-Made Economy.

I was having my pancake at the Piccadilly Hotel when I saw Mlle. Gina Palerme. We were talking about the need for economy, and she said for the future she would only order tailor-made for day wear, which she assures me is real thrifit. Mlle. Palerme argues you do not get nearly so tired of a tailor-made as of a frock, and that the tailored thing wears longest, all of which is beyond me.

Lord Beresford and Ben Tillett.

Lord Beresford—how strange it seems not to call him Lord Charles—will be one of the speakers with Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Betty Balfour and Mr. Ben Tillett at a meeting to discuss the Star and Garter Hospital building scheme, for which Mr. Butt has lent the Palace, on Friday, the 24th inst.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

The King and His Pipe.

I have heard people wondering whether the King will set an example in economy by giving up expensive cigars in favour of a pipe, but there need be no anxiety as to any extravagance in smoking on the part of King George. He much prefers a short briar pipe to any other smoke. Among his treasures is a shabby little briar, burnt almost half-way down the bowl, which was his cherished companion, as a "middy."

Good Luck!

Quite a number of well-known young men have been called up this last day or two. Mr. James Stanners, the actor, who was in the "Taming of the Shrew" about a week ago, is now in an Army hut—somewhere in the country; Mr. James Dowd, the cartoonist whose work in *Punch* has caused many a chortle of delight, has just donned khaki—he has been in the Artists' Rifles with Sir Owen Seaman and other celebrities—and now Mr. Donald Calthrop is going to disappear from Daly's, and our ken for a little time to come. Daly's, good luck to them!

As Others See Us.

The film has given us the power to see ourselves as others see us. Sir George and Lady Alexander, and the entire St. James's company were at the West End Cinema to see themselves in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The balcony seemed to be given up to the theatrical profession. I saw Sir Squire Bancroft, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Lee White.

"Come Soon-June."

I think we shall soon hear something very interesting about Little June, the clever child dancer, who made such a success at the Em-

1916

Little June.

pire Theatre. She is expected to appear in a big West End production. Her name sounds delightfully summery just now.

Attested Twins.

Two little men—same height, same build, same dress, same characteristics exactly—approached me yesterday near the Garrick Club. Both wore armlets. I looked more carefully. They were the Terry twins, inseparable in variety and pantomime, and ready to join the Bantams together.

Her View of It.

I was told recently of a young officer, the only son of a wealthy widow, who had got into an undesirable net and was losing heavily every night at "chemin de fer." Friends went to the mother and begged her to use her influence to stop it in the boy's interest. "Poor, dear Aly," she placidly remarked. "Why should I interfere with his little pleasures, especially when I dare say, they keep him out of mischief?"

Budding Economists.

London elementary school teachers are to have a new task entrusted them. They are to instruct their pupils in the need for economy and how this will help us to win the war. Each child will be warned not to throw away old clothes, bottles or paper; to be economical in the use of pencils.

Lack of Tact.

A colleague of mine was frightfully annoyed yesterday. It was his birthday, and the number of presents he received required no pan-technicon for their delivery. Still he did get a "birthday book," a sort of diary with quotations. He turned up March 8, and was very cross when he saw that the quotation was from Macbeth: "God forgive us all."

"Kerry Bred and Born."

One of Lord Kitchener's closest friends has been telling me how very sensitive he is about his nationality. Unemotional as he is in most things, he was once stirred to almost romantic anger. It was at a Pall Mall club, when some man not knowing Kitchener was in the room turned to a friend and, referring to something the great general had done, said: "By Jove, England ought to be proud of that man—none of your Irishmen!" "On the contrary, Kerry bred and born," was the sharp and unexpected retort.

The Rev. William Cecil.

I met the Rev. William Cecil down at Hatfield the other day. He was on his bicycle, of course, which he never forsakes in his parish rounds, which cover a large area, as shown by the fact that he runs four curates, I hear he never avails himself of his brother's (the Marquis) cars. Lord William is not an elegant rider, and his action on the bicycle is decidedly laboured. He is fond of a slouch hat, a cape that flutters in the breeze, and has the proverbial Cecil indifference to clothes.

Like His Father.

Lord William is getting more and more like his father, the late Lord Salisbury. His stoop is getting more pronounced, and his hair is rapidly thinning, but his fine leonine head and tall figure are strongly reminiscent of his famous father.

Not Surplus.

This story of a Free Church colleague at the front is told by a well-known chaplain. He was about to conduct the service, when the Colonel said to him: "Do you not wear a surplice?" "Surplus," said the good man: "no, I am a Baptist. All I know about is a deficit."

The Most Beautiful Roman Woman.

I hear that the winner of the contest to determine the most beautiful woman in Rome, Signorina Ceccani, is at the Italian front as a nurse.



Miss Dorothy Minto

A Mint o' Talent.

This is a new portrait of clever Miss Dorothy Minto, whose favourite pastime for the moment seems to be snowballing in the London parks. Miss Minto is at present playing in "More" at the Ambassadors, where she hopes to have a good part in the new revue. But "More" won't want a successor for a long time.

"The Idler."

I've news from over the water—America—that Mr. Haddon Chambers's play, "The Idler," is to be revived, and both Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry will be found in the cast. It does not sound exactly like economy, does it? Two leading ladies in one play!

What Is He?

When I see a young man in mufti to-day I can amuse myself by debating as to what he is. He may be starred or badged, or rejected as unfit, or married, or indispensable, or awaiting his call, or an armletree who is not wearing his armlet, or home on sick leave, or finally over forty-one and doesn't look it.

Women Recruits.

A friend of mine who is connected with the movement tells me that the recruiting of women for farm work is going quite satisfactorily, although, of course, a lot of unsuitable women quite ignorant of rural conditions are among those who volunteer.

THE RAMBLER.

Sound Sleep



To avoid sleeplessness choose for your last meal at night a food which will provide the maximum of nourishment in the most easily digested form. The ideal "nightcap" is

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Sleeplessness is due either to digestive unrest following a heavy supper or no supper at all, or to nervous exhaustion as the result of worry, overwork or anxiety.

A cup of Ovaltine taken just before retiring will prevent digestive unrest, at the same time supplying to the nerves and brain an ample supply of restorative material to repair the worn cells.

The nerves being soothed and restored, sound, healthy sleep will follow, and you will wake feeling refreshed and thoroughly rested.

Your Medical Adviser will confirm this.



P 117.

The Food Value of OVALTINE.

The value of all foods for giving muscular strength and nervous energy is judged by their Caloric values, the Caloric being the adopted scientific standard.

The following comparison by an eminent physician and medical author proves the supreme food value of Ovaltine.

	Calories.
Teaspoonful Beef Extract Tea	539
Teaspoon Cocoa	114
Wineglassful Meat and Malt Wine	2078
One Egg	6531
Teaspoon Milk	119
Teaspoon OVALTINE	1706

Its high food value, combined with the ease and completeness with which it is digested and absorbed, make Ovaltine the ideal food for

Building-up Brain, Nerve and Body.

Ovaltine is a highly concentrated extract of the vitalizing and building-up properties contained in Malt, Milk and Eggs. It is prepared in a minute, and forms a delightful beverage with a delicious and appetising flavour. It contains no drugs or chemicals.

For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia, in cases of feeble or disordered digestion, at times of severe bodily or nervous strain, and for fast-growing children, Ovaltine is recommended by the highest Medical Authorities as the food which supplies the greatest amount of nutriment in the most easily digested form.

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CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

THE Coming German
Famine: By Francis Gribble,
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

A GAIETY BRIDE.

P1841.



Lieutenant Montague Morgan, R.F.C., and his bride, Miss Patsy Green, who plays in "To-night's the Night" at the Gaiety.—(Birkett.)

BUILT OF HOLLOW REEDS.

P1840.



This is the primitive type of boat used by the natives of Persia and Mesopotamia.

THEY GAVE UP THEIR HOLIDAY.

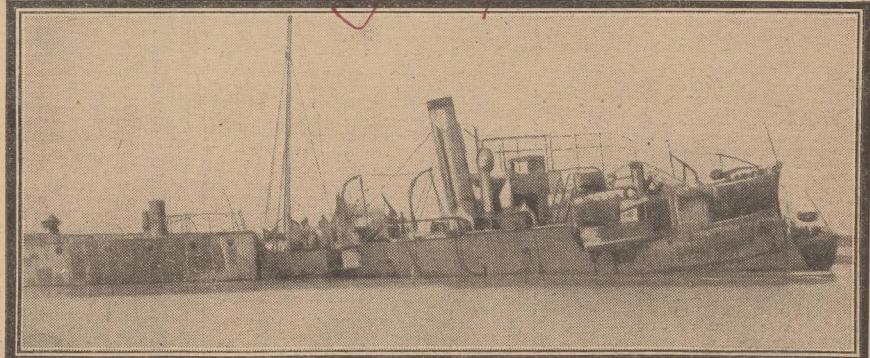
P1859.



These Acton schoolchildren gave up their holiday yesterday in order to sweep away the snow. No other labour was available, and their action was much appreciated.

TURKISH GUNBOAT SUNK BY THE BRITISH.

P1839.



The wrecked vessel, which was battered to ruins by the shells.

P1839.



The fo'c'sle, showing the damage done by our gunners.

These photographs illustrate a British naval success, and show the Turkish gunboat Marmariss, which was sunk by H.M.S. Espiegle after being captured.

"DO OR DIE."

P1857.



Mr. William Hughes, the Australian Premier, and his wife, who are now in London. It is "Do or die" with the Australian people, he said in an interview.

"IMITATED BY HARRY FRAGSON."

P1842.



Private Dawson, R.M.L.I., on the coloured poster executed by Commander Millot, a French naval attaché, to commemorate a variety show on board H.M.S. Nelson.